

## NIGHT

O Night! So colored in absent hue and  
Boyish woe, today obscured in iron smog.  
How sad: for it was by clear nights alone  
That our blessed shades learned their precious pitch.

O Echo! if only thy night were true!  
If only your songs could ring beyond the  
Secret gates and stony walls, triply-girted  
By suitor Erebus, for whom you strain.

Might I rise above the sordid stream on  
Maro's wing to loftier spheres, and so  
Surpass ever-spiteful Time. Such weighty  
Wishes of mine, Eurydice, beloved.

My own proud judgement is enough to bear,  
Without your eyes casting looks upon  
My flimsy, half-rotted aegis, worn and shorn  
By many ignoble bard and beast alike.